

It shall be with such strict and seuerer Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reigner.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Torke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choiler chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your Countrie of distressed Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.

And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?

This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am posselt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquish't,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coucting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Torke. Insulking *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Standst thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Wartres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To caull in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reseru'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisle your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues felled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prookes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lifes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glocester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reigner* sooner will receyue, than giue.

Suf. A Dower my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerlesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approoves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is scene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King,
For *Henry*, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolute,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attain't
With any passion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henry* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit Glocester.*

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

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